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THE Passionate Poet.

With a Description of the
Thracian Fjmarus.

By T.P.

Tallos habet plures fffurios quam geminos pueros.



LONDON

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at the signe of the white Swanne.

1601.

George Nicieza



To the Right honorable and my most
vertuous Ladie, The Ladie Frauncis
Countesse of Kildare. T. P. wisheth
all perseveriance, with soules happynes.

Hrice did we read what passion wrought at once,
It please'd, displeas'd vs, and it please'd againe.
Front-fallowed Athens ministred in frownes,
Whiche Ismarus to Comick did reclame.
May she propigne those wronges, and unly those,
But Thracian refuge do not we propose.
They were not Athens furrowes that offended,
And be she powerfull in her reprehension,
But want of worthines to thee intended,
To thee (great Ladie) life of mine invention.
Tu from thy fauour, or severer fense,
We myle or take acquaintance with offence.
Vouchsafe (thou fairest of Elisaes trayne)
From bewties element one gracious dymple,
Thi immensuenes whereof shall enterayne
And conuentance the errorre of the symple.
If thou be please'd, then all are satifide,
Or be thou please'd, so frowne the world beside.

Your Ladyships in all
dutifull office
Tho. Powell.



To the Reader.

T may be, some Rhetorick Prelector holdes it enquirable for the Title, as professing too much of affectation thereunto. Nor do I blame him, when, conferring the importance ther-of with our impotence, he deprehend not a reason in the very front, or first face of my Booke. It shall suffice, for thy better satisfaction, I was most inward with mine owne defects: which I studied to preferre from severer exposition, as thus: If any challenge me for dismembering a good history, which might better haue beene continuall from the beginning, it was not I, but Passion. If, that my Introduction be somewhat too prolix, in respect of the maine subiect proposed. All this was of Passion, that once enlargde, is hardly called in and restrained. If that in many of these Prints, I obserue no strict methode or time; I answer still, it was of Passion: One that never speakes in numbers, never beginnes with a *Quandoquidem*, or *Quemadmodum*, one that respects not the preparatiue complement of hemming or spiring, the authentique stroking of the beard, or your demure winking. Briefly, one of the most hentious, irregular, and vsuall Libertines of this Age, and notwithstanding as currant for excusable, as the loozene language, or some preuator in a learned assembly. From hence I was aduised to assume his shpe, as a most spatiouse protection, which the rather I made perforate in the Poet, as well for suggestion of his office, which ought to bee most couersant in Passion out of the abuses of these times, as for concilation of our true Diuines, whom I onely admire, and not of arrogante, as being fensible of any thing in mee, which might maintaine such protest impotency. He that virgeth me further herein, gues me cause, if rulemed, to suspect his judgement; if learned, his severite.

Farwell.





I. P. to the Author.

O Ne is the stremme that flowes in both our vaynes,
Our name, our fortunes, blind of disproportion:
And shall a kinmans interest restraine?
Thy due forbids suspi'c such darke extortiōn.
I te straine my selfe to prāse, and not exceed,
Thy abounded boundes of thy deſterning meid.
How well these Hemeroides of thy wai
Decipher to our diſtis Artes true vices!
How well doſt thou thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe acquit,
Assuming that conempt which thence argeth?
Laying thy ſlage in Thracian Iſmarus,
A modell of thy uniu'reſe diffuſe;
In it conuaide a Theme of ſeriouſnes,
Of welding common and the ſtares affaires,
Pretending fable, where lie nothing leſſe,
Onely to call away ſenuer eare,
What neede be couch in morall, or elſe feare,
Whofe tines are moadeſt to the moſt ſenere?
And ſuch are thine from meeker ſpiri flowing;
Cherifſ that ſpiri in her towardneſſe:
So ſhall thy labors with my praiſes growing
Beregifted, (ſuſpicion in receſte.)
Believe it, I ſuſpice no fresher aie,
Then are my hopes of thee, and they ſtand faire.





Lectori de & Poesi & Poeta Ogdoasticon.

Vilia que miratur iners inlibria vulgaris,
Qui petu blic, opera hac dñe mea tue,
Litterapodus habes : Nec, habes quod littera, pondus
Littera sola docet : tellus sana dabit.
Ergo ab Atlante nepos, cerebro Iouis edita virgo,
Præiunis & pendens agmen ab ore legant.
Cateratunt a tuas mysticas venare. Ministro
Falmum bac valido proprijs præda. Vale.

G. O:





The Passionate
Poet.

Vith that *Joues* yssue did prouoke the God,
Whose visage is compact of falarodes
To leaue his throne of waets and descend;
To gue their serious Controuersie end,
Vrging being vrg'd herselfe by hope of fame,
The yong *Joma* might affect her name.
Neptune his dangling bawdricke cast aside,
Which to a well run d Lyre his hand did guide.
And then sustaines his scepter, which to beare
Is Isthmian labor; Thus *Tridentifer*
Gazing at honors worth, forsakes his Court,
Where Mermaids do for choristers resort,
Whose diuidence incestuous and vncallte
Rauisht the Citizens of seas laid waste.
Upon a faire find Dolphin did he ride,
While blew *Nereides* lackey by his side,
And with their measuring feet checke corall beds,
The richest meteor that the Ocean breeds:
The Godhead that in shape of Bull did lie,
Had not a carriage of such Maiestie.
By this the Seas great Arbitre attaint'd
The farthest bounds *Oceanus* had gain'd,
And now the yeelding sand did testifie
That earth shooke vnderneath his furquedrie.
The azure God at Agas strand arriu'd,

The

The Passionate

The stall from whence his Nerean steeds contred
Their thriftie fodder, Agas well furuaid
The faire tonickie structure vnde glaid:
Thus infant citie plac't in Attica,
Was proud of his acceſſe, there did he stay.
There *Pallas* and *Palemon* do allow
The moderation of their randeuow.
The disputants thus haue they both decreed,
That humane censure ſhall preferre the deed
Whereby their deities may beſt diſclose,
Who ought ſo faire a tyle to impoſe.
His mother *Veflaes* ſome did iuocate,
And on her boſome laid his ſcepters waight:
Thus the deſire of *Floren* and of *Phane*,
Caufde him to wound her breast coniure her name:
Out of whose entrallſad' proſiliate
A horſe from whom his kind is propagate.
Hereby he woed the ſuffrage of mankind,
And made *Hypona* Goddelle of that ſhrine:
She that vnlawnne by *Tryton* ſide did ſit,
Contemn'd the God and counterpois'd the gift,
Stirculeus did iſpire her with his Arte,
Dividing natures influence apart.
For *Neptune* calld him Sire falciotent,
And when he stood proſcripto banishment:
Did he diuide his heauen wrackt ſoule from harmes,
And vnto *Latium* beares him in his arines,
Lamenting him and his attending feares,
Made the worldē greater part a ſea of teareſ:
Wherof teareſ the faire *Hyperon* from his cheekeſ
Extracts, and ſwolne with moylture kindly weepes.
The God that chang'd his ſcepter for a ſcythe,
Inſpir'd the Dame that did with *Neptune* ſtrive:
He taught her exorcismes and practicke ſkill
To make the earth obsequious to her will.
In honor of *Minerva* did it yeild

An

Poet.

An Olive tree, the first that grac't the fields
For this the Consistorie did assigne
To gratifie him with Ionickē shrine.
There the *Filamines* with temples bound,
Present large Vrnes that are with incense crownd,
Whose flame with soueraigne liquor they infuse
Conuerts to smoke and makes the ayre obtuse.
Hereat the envious Saturnist repinde,
His weake assumption retrograde inclinde:
Albeit they gaue him temple and a flame,
Yet fortune had not equalisde their fame.
His comicke Alcoran was desolate,
VVhilst hers with Nardus fumes did suffocate:
His Priests their emptie challices extend,
Her Ministers amanuiss sente commend;
And through their noslthrils conduit entertaine
The gentle odor they expire againe:
From hence *Ennosigenus* did acquest
The motiue which his drooping soule deprest;
And this the rather aggrauates the same,
That Athens should affect *Athenaeas* name.
Ione-lou'd *Athena* great in Athens loue
Aspir'd the spheare where *Ions* starre did moue,
And forc't him from his separable orbe,
whose exhalation *Neptune* did absorbe:
wherewith enrag'd the furious Orgist raues,
And with his head subordn the purple waues.
This exi introduct a second stage,
where Athens did intend the vmpirage
Of her *Athena*, in whose breast appears
Iegeuds of acts, deceiptfull characters:
There Athens in abrahue lines did write
A borrowed name with brittle Chrysolite:
In Tmes compendious booke did she ymprage
A name vnguylt of succeeding ages
VVhy ther, Qname recorded to misprision,

The Pafionate

O time-bred shame: O booke of delinition.
Their mutual loue suspir'd a lucy heate,
When misaffesting rites were incomplete:
For many rites are intercedent there,
Where loue with arts and arts with loue conspires:
So *Athena* loude *Athena* for her name,
And so for loue was she turnd Artisane.
O happie change if never to returne,
Thymelius' mount with arts might euer burne
The seeing Goddelle vfd a seemly might
To make her *Athena* see with learnings light:
But eyes that trauaile vnderneath her zone
Sustaine ecclypse of reputation:
And such as are to schollership enclind,
Learne best to see how they may best be blind.
Her *Athena* was the Muses *Hecuron*,
Forthere she rais'd a second *Hieron*:
That *Gymnase* which platane shades encrase,
Concealing it from each celestiali face.
O had it bin immur'd with reputation,
Or had it not such ciuill intimation,
Then vile respect that child of ignorance,
Had not confiprd with learned arrogance.
But woe is me for arte lies prostitute
While ignorance doth tread her vnder foote.
The *Pheonix* is infatiate in his lust,
Whose hot coniunction makes my muse combust:
Thus is she most vnhappye of the nine,
Thus is her ill made worse by being thine.
Like chalfe *Euridice* she flies from fate,
Euridice faire and infortunate.
VVhile he pursues with Aristean will
My muse from whom this passion doth distill,
Yet were she free from any serpents sting,
If sanctuarie were an holy thing:
But faction abrogates her holy vse,

Arte

Poet.

Arte is oppos'd to arte and Muse to muse:
She harbors enuie and not emulation,
Sinceritie is made selfe affectation.
Believe mee *Athens*, this imputes thy worth,
That monster faction was by thee brought forth.
The loue of him hath made thee arrogant,
He hath betrayed thee to the ignorant.
By faction didst thou fall from thy estates
T'was faction made thee first unfortunate:
That all in ill and ill in every part,
Hath made thee factious *Athens* as thou art:
T'is arte indeed whom thou hast wrong'd in this;
T'is I for loue of both made Bigamis.
I flee contempt of learning it is I
That cannot meete with true sinceritie:
To me the vice of schollership belongs,
I haue an inward feeling of her wrongs:
T'is I whom learning tempts to imprecation,
Being impatient of her estimation.
I challenge faction for her vile estate,
And cursing it, I still affeuerate,
Since arte from *Athens* tooke her opprotrie,
And both their ills did transmigrate in me;
It was because I plac't my loue amisse,
Where no respect nor good opinion is.
For louing her am I opinions grate,
And out of loue become thus passionate:
If this be made the vmpire of her liking,
May faint defection practise mine acquiting.
I'lle change this arte for some mechanicke skill,
And *Athens* for a moderne *Thracian* hill:
A Muse-forsaken *Thrace*, an *Ilmarus*,
Orpheus, who dignified with legacie
Hebrus and heauen for head and choristrie.
What imputation is familiar,

The Rastionate

If I disclaime this innispicuous star,
If borrow wings to flie from *Mercurie*,
Tis but defection not Apoltacie.
When heau'n was turbulent with *Ionis* pride,
Liu'd not *Apollo* by *Amprysus* fide?
For there he did auoid a troubled aire,
And here *Admetus* he was passing faire.
At Thracian Ifmarus will I repose
Within the mount *Hermaphrodite*, that knows
Two parts distinguisht, and as different
In qualtie for their distract intent.
Whats *Ifmarus*, thou art so rapt with seeing?
Tis any thing but that which hath no beeing.
Euope of her descent doth vainely boast,
Much owes she vnto *Thrace*, to *England* most.
The Countrie loues this faire *Hermaphrodite*,
The Citie knowes her for the Cities type,
In Court a Courtier, and the Courtier, it
Is nothing but a somewhat *Ifmaris*,
In living there I shall not liue abstract,
Nor to one residence my selfe contract:
Since *Ifmarus* each Nation doth affine,
Saue *Atheni* onely all the world is mine.
The world is mine in natures sympathie,
For both sustaine but contrarietie:
So *Ifmarus* earths partie coloured kerte,
Hath one side barren and the other fertile.
Her barren part that's bare in all good parts,
Whether from outward cause or els desarts,
Or from a well befeend distinguishing,
Or all, I doubt how safely to assent.
This onely doth his steri mold suggest,
Each land of euery plant is not poltest;
For this blame Nature, and yet blame her not,
Shee's better idle then *Haliphant*.
If Nature were alike industrious,

The

Poet. v. P

Th' indifferent arbiter of *Jherusalem*,
Each part were reconcil'd, and Cedars height
Should leuell with the earth of meanest spire.
But she in wisedome thought it no offence,
By rest to gue to shrubs preminence:
So we vphold the state of gouernement,
As Natures instance makes vs prouident.
Admit that either side of *Jherusalem*
VVere equall apt in his materiall droffe
To entertaine each forme that's vegetant
Of herbe or tree or whatsoeuer plant.
Nature being prodigall of influence,
Should yeeld her wildome to suspicuous sense.
Giuе vnto heauen alkein every part,
Like grosse densitie, and *Apollos harpe*,
Shall be as pale an obiect in the eie,
(Though let with gold) as brasle paud *Galaxie*,
And it, as much vnable to reflect,
As where the *Cymbides* make breach vncheckt.
Repine at this, so shalt thou call in question
Natures decree and by strong insurrection
Be openly rebellious to that state,
VVhereby thou wert thy selfe predestinate:
So shalt thou in thing owne immodestie
Looke vppon heauen with a *Promethean* eie,
Endeuour to reduce the earth againe
Into her ancient indigested frame,
Rob heauen of stars, stars their intelligence,
The world of motion, light and influence.
Of this repining sect, two feele there are,
V whose fortunes (albeit vnfamiliar)
Coniure herein. The one is Atheist:
The other thinks that God is onely his.
Atheisme an *Jherusalemite* and Politician,
Being rich in generall for his condicions
So giues all franchisement of libertie

The Passionate

Talpore through an ambitious industrie,
Disputes that *Mightnes* must be attaint
Through broken vowes through faith and conscience stain'd.
These darke endeuors are religion
To Atheisme, other faith he knoweth none:
But making of devotion an extent,
Exceeds a *Democrattick* gouernement,
As not sufficient spacious to admit
A generall weale of equallise conscript.
So he repines the poorest rational
Should dwell contented by his native thrall,
Since in ambition lies his remedie,
And by neglecting curious pollicie,
He leaues the meanes whereby he may invite
Fortune that's flexible to all alike.
Prestianisme whose zeal's at interest,
Who of himselfe doth selfe conceit it best,
Exemplifies his instance in proces,
And wils an vnuerfall barrennes:
Forbids the day producing chariot,
To draw about the all furuying God:
Because his seruile hand doth well sustaine
The needie traces of a *Lydia* waine:
Enuies the gouernement that's temporall,
Repines at order *bierarchicall*,
And in his scruple doth extenuate
Whatever office fortune or estate.
Yee faithfull vnto orthodoxall terror,
Relgious authors of religious error,
Vsing her proper organs and protect
In selfe conspiracie which you affect,
O wherefore is the name of Magistrate
So harsh of cadence? wherefore doe you hate
The purple garment or the scarlet mantle?
How ill becommes it those rude palmes to handle
The scepter or the sword, how more then ill

To

Poet.

To slay the Judge vnroyallize the King?
The price of this strong heresie contriū'd,
Thy faith must be deprau'd, thy selfe depriu'd
Of all commerçement with sincere deuotion,
For thou art mou'd vnto that violent motion
Of Atheistue blind of God, and both agree
By different meaneſ to worke equaltie:
The one commands the Sunne for his acceſſe,
What he elates, the other doth deprefſe,
And what they both preferre, it is to all,
Each ſeaſon for an Equinoctiall,
Improouing the premitiſt neceſſitie
Of *Imarus* diſpoſd ſo diuerſly.
This *Thracian* hill contends to imitate
Man in his lively forme and inward ſtate:
And how conuenient is the prefidence
Of ſoule and mind and intellectuall ſenſe
Before the bodie that affects but clay,
Let the repiner in his manhood ſay:
Then ſhall he ſeriously affirme with me,
That ſpeakē out of mine owne neceſſine.
I ſpeakē the neceſſary barrenneſſe
Of *Imarus* and natures inacceſſe:
Albeit I do preferre her fruitfull ſide,
Not led by diſcontent that child of pride,
But by innated loue of ſelfe well willing,
We wiſh all fruitfull parts within our dwelling.
There dwell where *Imarus* in iocund ſenſe
Of Natures hand commands her excellencie.
Vnto that fertile part her fairer field,
Will I my poeſie and my paſſion yield:
Faire is that field which richly ſhal infuſe
Nature for arte, ſpirit for *Genius*.
Into her *Orpheus* did ſhe breath ſuch ſpirit
And nature ſuch as none ſince did inherit.
For ſince his time all ſtudie was diſpoſd

To

The Passionate

To the obscurities which Artes disclose,
Who cares for Simples skill? or who is he,
That vnto trees will play his misfrefcive?
Arte bears a nimbler wing, the Lepricall
Is made the perch where Learning loues to fall.
Then foare aloft and shadow with your wings
A casht Athemian, who in passion singes
To /smarus exceeding in the fertle
Of Vine and Oliue, and the conquerors Mirtle,
The Rose, the Tamarix, and the /omian Oake,
The Laurell vnaquainted with the stroake
Of thunder, the /talian Cyprus tree,
The Pine, the Poplar and the Mulberies
Lethiferous Ewe, whose nature euer craues
Some Golgotha or seat of dead mens graues:
Ile sing to Plants of others and of thefe,
And call no auditorie but of trees.
The fruitfull /smarus did iustly boast
That she excedl in Vine and Oliue most:
Then let thy song measure her symphony
In time as semblable:that thou thereby
Maist make their donatiue the former place
To giue vnto thy verfe a measures grace.



The Vine.

Sing unto her generous felfe,
Sing her pleafance and of healthis:
To th innated Ipes sing,
And the Orgifts renelling.

Some call her Vine, as if she were invitid,
Borne and yet taught, though willing, yet incited

To

Poet.

To industrie, and some do well contend
She were no Vine, did she not apprehend
What euer neighbouring tree within her tendrels,
When neighbourhood is dead and trees are friendles.
But I must bleſſe her by no other name
Then that of Vine, because ſhe is the fame.
Because ſhee's vital in mortalitie,
By whose well tempered heat they live and be.
They liue and be where honor health and pleasure
Admit no emulation, meane nor meafeure.
Of Plants, the Vine is onely generous,
Powerfull in medicine and Phyficks vife,
So is ſhe pleasures bed, trees chieft beautie,
For at her feete they proſtitute all dutie.
Delight, whose complacence is gracious,
Proves her the Maiestie of *Imarus*,
Honor of Plants, and sylvane Emperie,
A gracious Vine, a pleasing Maieftie.
Affift me, O thou ſpirit once traduc'te
From nature of a more heroick Muſe.
Thou ſoule of muſicke houering in the ayre,
Vnto thy *Imarus* at length repaire,
Returne and stand my ſtrong intelligence,
That I may ſing the Vines faire preſidence:
Excufe my fear, leſt fearing I do faint
In the cold blood which ſhall my heart attaints
Preuent it, O preuent it, and repute me
Able to ſing her greatneſſe worth and beautie.
That ſhe is generous, the vſe makes good;
It filts the veines of Kings with royll blood.
No liquor but that of the purple grape,
Makes blood fo pure, fo fresh, fo roſeate,
Tis that extracted and eſſentiall ſpirit,
Which from the foure a ſecond place doth merit:
Tis euer ſuch, as euer is the fame,
So luſtre fresh, as moyleſt within the veine.

C

For

The Passionate

For why the Vine, as time and age aspire,
So nouell good doth excellencie acquire.
So is it pure as fresh, and who not knowes,
That pure and fresh do both affect the Rose?
All celebrations do preferre the Vine:
The festall and the sacrificing shrine.
In it the deities are reconcil'd,
It makes the countenance of Gods more milde,
And well deserves of men, whose feastes do know,
Th'administred wine addes royaltie thereto,
And grace, whereof those feastes may glory most,
Which in the knowledge of their Vine do boast.
O do not thou this grace and man disceuer,
But make the Gods propitious, O for euer.

Shee's generous, that's most vnto her selfe,
But shee's more soueraigne within the health
Of others, hauing both the power and will,
To search and cleanse all crude infectious ill:
And to confirme those necessary parts,
Whose dissolution vitterly subuertis
The bodies state. My verse may be replete
With faire distinguishtment of formes concrete,
To whose dissent the Vine doth moderate
In kind obseruance of the better state,
Contending to make active her intent
In homogeneall and in excrement
Dividid: Neither could I not relate,
How tis the vine that doth assimilate
The better nutritiues, how it is shee,
That purgeth the corrupting reliquie,
Disioynes the good from bad, digesteth all,
To proue it so, is no prouinciall.
Thou soueraigne Plant, O cleanse this body still,
Be euer Judge betwixt the good and ill.
Shee's generous great: and in salubritie
Vnto that greatness shee doth multiply

More

Poet.

More worth : O but the Vine's most worthie then,
Her excellencie preferd into the Scene.
I do pretend that beautie whose delight
In faire applause commends it to the sight,
Pleasure the subiect of true complacence,
There hath she laid her primate residence.
Sing ye of this, that in aduersitie
Make her your refuge and your sanctuarie:
That vnderneath her capreols do debar
The scorching heat of a Meridian star,
And with her leauie teguments elate
The cold of ayre admoued and dislocate.
Your testimonie is requir'd herein,
That euer liu'd securely by the Vine.
Yee *Catadyspe* deafe vnto the fall
Of *Nilus*, or the spheres so musicall
Acknowlede thy securer Lethargie,
As from the Vine and not a Poppie tree:
Thy great dimension howsoeuer great,
Is by the Vine conceald from cold and heat;
To the seur'd, distrest, or whomsocuer,
Tis in the vse of refuge, or of pleasure.
The body of this tree it selfe is small,
But notwithstanding it hath armes withall,
Whose faire extensiō large, so spacious
Shadowes the Citizens of *Hermans*,
Not borrowing light or lustre from the great,
But as the Sunne which makes each star repleat
With light of his, so doth she lend to all,
And hence it is some do her *Cynthias* call,
But that sin heau'n : They know her on the earth,
The chaste *Alpheas* or *Latomas* birth,
Vnder her shade *Apollo* well discloses
Diana sleeping on a bed of Roses:
Sleepe on, and sleepe securely, for thy bed
Is all of Roses, mixt with white and red.

The Passionate

O how shall I acquite me of this tree,
Being so engag'd to her amenities?
If she from inward pleasance, tis in vaine,
Her outward greatness meets thee there againes
If I reuerse my sight as blind of these,
Her soueraigne hand is seene on other trees:
That hand whose Generous beautie led me forth,
And now confounds me in her Soueraigne worth.
As moderne Painters in their artas flory
Shew many arches vnderneath one body:
So fares this Ode refred vnto the Vine,
Whose many heads one body must conioyne,
Being all imperfect and impertinent,
As mere position and no argument.
The subtil matter is so implicit,
I suffocate in condigeling it;
And then I faint, and so did *Cissus* die,
She fell before the vine, and so must I.
She (by the earths aduice) enibrac't the tree,
With iuie leaues and such like borderie,
In token of her loue in ages past,
And with such iuie is our vine enchaist.
With loue of *Cissus* / *os* euer liues,
And life and loue in vities are relatives.
From this relation many do pretend
A zealous loue, when life's proposd the end,
The scope the exigent, and destynie,
Of all their saffron guilded obsequie.
And such the vermin of these subtil times,
Such are th'nnated *Ipes* of our vines,
Bred of the bodies thrift and fat increase,
Begotten by the Sunne that shines in peace:
Like the Egyptian frie when *Amphytre*
Gnes slimy *Nilus* to the *Theorite*:
As Sunne and slime engender those *Nildes*,
So hot and moyst begets our ages *Ipes*.

Our

Poet.

Our husbandmen which trauaile much herein,
Do find this woorme obnoxious to the vine;
Yea soone suggest that are more Chymicke wife,
There are the *ips* that anatomize
This goodly tree, that feed vpon her leaues,
And what without the rinde, this worme bereaues,
And but that *Hydraes* waues are of such force,
That no obiection counterchecks her course,
Time might produce a some- Herculean wit,
Which by elaborate hand might limit it.
Besides these *ips*, there are *Orgifts* too,
which to the world the shapes of men do show:
But O how much inhumane are they then,
whom wholesome wine makes monsters, and no men?
Too much haue th-y, that are immoderate,
And change the vines true vse appropriate,
That surfeit in her bountie, and beguile
Their senses with the too much sweet of wine,
That being drunke dares wrong the innocent,
And in his outrage be incontinent,
Aduance th unworthie rich : what dares he not
In frenzie to deuise? contrive, complot,
And yet the Vine is not in cause of it,
The draft is all vnguiltie of the drift:
Their furie is the better arguist,
To proue her powerfull where she doth insist:
So best Elxers make compendious breath,
And fairest obiect soonest rauisheth.
I dare sustaine that no infectious ayre
Can penetrate the Moones more solid spheares,
Nor prophanation in a borrowed shape
Be entertaind within the temples gate.
So are my thoughts secure, Great God secure them,
That Vines conceale no serpents to inure them;
But make this tree the fairest of our time,
Like Sphere and Temple solid and d.wine

The Passionate

Of thee we ask it, and it is in thee,
To give her greatness, pleasure, soueraignie.
Tis thine to punish drunkards, and tis thine
To bruise th ironed /pes of our Vine.
May never Monster be of able power,
Nor serpent-tame in all her nights, devote
This goodly tree, each /morn prostrate
Here lay Ames, and all afflurate.



The Olive.

*Here is Olives leavis,
And the Vine in Europe.
Vine and Olive in concert,
Making government complete.*

Whil'st yet these outward senses all surcharged,
With the deluge of curios Arte enlaid
Beyond the nature bounds which Nature knowes,
And Arte with Nature both were interpos'd,
The sensuie matter and the mysterie,
As yet her workmanship we did applie.
But when this grossier ayre was so dispergd,
We saw the Vine with Olive tree invergd.
Here written Bountie matcht with Providence,
Vnder this offered dutie did commence.
Within a girdle was the Vine empaid,
Much like that Amaryathan star enaid
In her discoulored cyrkle, or the zone
Which once *Thammetides* fire bestowed upon
The vaporous *Inne*. This faire Coronet
Was of the choysest Olive trees compleat
That tree which most affects her, and from hence

VVe

Poet.

We view that part of Natures prouidence,
Of many Olives she compos'd the same,
And here Th' assumption is requir'd againe,
Vnto her bountie multiplied thus,
Vpon this little hill of *Ismarus*.
If Nature be so rich in donatiue,
If see the thing that yet is blind of life,
Then may I live to her that so aduerts
When I am dead to *Athenes* and to Arts.
And from a liberal hand with bountie crownd,
The Olive and her lenitie resound.
To sing of faire accord and mutuall vse
In Wine and Oyle the Olives exprest juice.
At Ismarus this is a worthie tree,
Forther's her *Tryne* or best triplictie.
Since to the Vine it holds a neere accessse,
Tis high, tis 3; O but do not thou impreesse
Thy lowly selfe within descriptions weight,
For honor is a slight suspending bayt.
And how vnworthy might I there insist,
That am the Vineyards yongest herborist.
My skil's my counterfeit within this act,
And both as yet of genuine infract.
But shee's suggestiu to selfe-flatterie,
Soothing her imperfections to soothe me.
And when I say the Olive tree is tall,
Of faire dimension, beautifull withall,
Her oft diuided roote so deeply laid,
And head like blossomes on the Palme displaide:
If say her pyth is rare, and so dispersit
Tis seldome seene, though many times trauerst:
This flattering Giglot susurrates as much,
And sweares this accent is a Doricke touch;
Though harsh of musicke, and of measuring,
Yet flops and strikcs vnto the selfe same string.
This delinition stimulates vs on,

And

The Passionate

And bids me set a nice dimision
In gardane Oliues, and be discrepant
Betwixt the melancholie stipticke Plant
And the fat Oliue, from whose subtil parts
We drayne the oyle of many chearefull hearts.
This was the suffrage spousall which the Dame
Propos'd to *Athens* for her borrowed name,
When strife was vnder wing, and since that time
Her branches well beſeeeme th *Ionick* ſhrine.
This tree, as of it ſelfe is ſo abounding
In thriſtſie fat, that added moyſtur's drowning,
And ſuffocates the pure and ſubtil oyle:
wherefore the fattel's not the fitteſt foyle
where to insert this Oliue: O but yet
It withers, if the Sunne be oppofit.
For wiſely ſay our ancient herborifts,
It is affected to the torall mifts:
And bee't, with limitation that her ſeat
Be not exempt from ſenſe of heauenly heat,
which may be able to extenuate,
And lay her foggie moiſture ſeparate,
which in a moderne heat an *April's* Sunne
Is powerfull to attract, but not conuict,
Her beries yet on tree are immatuer,
And (though by many yeeres) they ſo endure,
which that they may attaine a fauorie taste,
Our ſkilfull husbandmen do vſe to place
A modeſt quantitiue of riper ones,
In a congeſted pile whereon enthrones
Such fauourable and conforthing ſhine,
Aſſoyme makes tiney ripe, ſome fore their time.
But in confirmed juice the oyle is beſt,
That's dravn'd and ſeparated eaſiſt
From purfe or huſke, and ſuch like juice as this,
Is not with earth or earthly parts commift.
The moſt experienc't husbandman ſustaines;

Bad

Poet.

Bad Olives aske no soyle, the good no paines:
Good needes nor scythe nor pruning instrument,
For so vnskilfull husbandmen preuent
Th increase of after seasons, and such bleeding
Ads detriment vnto the yeres succeeding.
This tree requires no hands applied to wound it,
No trident rake, nor trenching spade to sound it;
She needes not these, nor needs it vs to wrong her,
Disclose the roote, but take we nothing from her.
Perhaps we may the earth discumulate,
Descrie some gowte or branch adulterate,
Some tuberous prim, or superfluitie
About the root of her vnwittingly,
(As not a tree in fruitfull *l/mars*,
But these attempt to infect and choake her thus,
And fairest Plants conceals the fowlest weed)
If any such in Olive be defcrid,
Incision must be vsde, yet warlike:
Cut off th adulterate branch, but touch no tree.
For why it well deserues, that well discernes
Preferuatiue for good, and cure for harmes,
From hence the Romanes had it still in vse,
When *Janus* gates were ope and when occulse.
For with her taglets did they Stephanize
Their peace-affected heads in cruill wife.
And in a forraigne expedition,
When fire- evd war had leaue to looke vpon
Their neigbouring Prouinces, as to preuent
And obuiate defecction imminent,
Their store in wine and oyle did they propose,
And where these wanted, there supplied their woes.
And such was Oyle. But this is serious,
I rather do propose her homely vse:
To speake her as the cause of permanence
In colour, light, or such familiar sence.
For when the industrious hand would faine pretend

D

Some

The Passionate

Some inabrasive worke vnto whose end
No later age aspires, tis layd in Oyle,
Whose durance neither time nor age affoyle.
And when our Lampes are niggard of their light,
Th'infused Oyle makes smoake to burne more bright.
This liquor's of an ayerie qualtie,
And still aspires to principaltie:
Tis liquids presidencie, tis auerfate
With other moists to be incorporate,
Albeit that moyst and dry and euery thing
Reteine the fauer of her moystering.
So doth it penetrate and finde euasion
Throughout the incompafted pores dilation:
And therfore we appoint his proper place,
The ſolid matter of this brittle glaffe:
This brittle glaffe. And what's not glaffe and brittle?
The flower that ſcapes the fythe ſhall meeke the ſickle.
From glaffe this precious vnguent we extract,
Though it be brittle, yet is it compact;
So ſhould it be tranſparent with the eycs
Of worthy patients, not of Polities:
Because the conſtant vſeſſell of our oyle,
In whose behalfe may all theſe ſenſes toyle,
Much to her ſelfe, but more for ſympathie
With wine and the viñiferous qualtie.
For Vine and Oliue knowes one horoscope,
Albeit the Vine firſt anſwered Natures hope
Their ſometimes mother vnder timely birth,
And therefore hauily held the heire of earth.
Yet in their muthal vſe we find that meane,
That's equall diſſerent from each extreame.
The Vine is Physicks powerfull Emperie,
The Oliue of a yeelding lenitie,
Tis milde in praſtice as a ſoueraigne thing
Her too much vſe is too much nouriſhing
In the rancke feeding bodies of our ſtate,

Whofe

Poet.

Whose commessallation is immoderate,
Their senses languishing in excrement,
The stomacke opilate and findes no vent,
If wine not interuent, and well decide it:
And to such maladie we must prescribe it.
When oyle makes ranck, and rancour so posset
By powerfull wine his stitution is deprest:
The sword of Phyllicke purging remedie,
To indigested parts which exrefie,
Tis like the wealth of many Seas enlarg'd,
Whose all-conspiring waues together charg'd,
Disfound the highest arches and defence,
Preferring all before their violence:
Such is th abstracted wine, as in it selfe,
That will not daine t' treat the bodies health,
When it hath power to search the very raines,
Th interimies, and all that life sustaines.

Tis in the simple practize ouer strong,
Vnlesse some other mixture do prolong,
Call backe, and mitigate the violence
Which her sequestred spirits shall commence.
And what is so competitible concreat?
What more restraining the intentive heat
Of cleansing wine, when wine admits restraint,
(As Votaries sometime direct their Saint)
Then smooth and gentle Oyle of milde aspect,
That wine represt by it, may it erect?
Tis milde: so is the wine that's ministred
At sound mens tables, not the sicke mans bed:
To well dispos'd bodies soueraigne Wine,
But in prescript of potion tis enclined
To Emperie, where the disease requires
Extinguishment to opilations fires.
But oyle alone infus'd relieves the same,
Where Oyle with Wine hath power to quench his flame.
Or rather soueraigne Wine as it doth tend

The Passionate

To maintenance and a preferring end.
For when it cleanseth, nothing is subiected,
But some vnnecessaries which infected
The better parts: and when Purgations force
Moues other loyall members with the sourse
And strength thereof, th' enacted violence
Sauors of nothing more than prouidence,
That lowly rectifies by inquisition,
Least they retaine some tincture from Ambition
So doth it search them and so rectifie,
That pure may sauer nought but purifie.
So is it Soveraigne Wine, and so alone,
As to the sound, and in abstraction:
And notwithstanding of it selfe consisting
It is great in Medicine, yet in commixing
With gentle Oyle it is more general,
For wine and oyle are Phisicks all in all.

It is her gouernement of Optimates
Who vnder presidence confirme a State.

The vulgar Plants out of this Emperie
Refering but a modest libertie,
Be they applied vnto the outward parts,
When wine erects or inwardly subuerts
Out of occasion: when the Wine with oyle
Is more of power i' establish or alloyle,
More victuall: wherefore sometimes guilded age
Held their inseparabile equipage,
Prescribing Wine and Oyle to every grieve,
The one to cleane, the other for relief.
For both may this grieve-labouring /smarts
Vpon her arbitrating power infule
Myriads of mulsive Orasons whose sense
May giue to wine and oyle long residence.
That after seasons may present them yet
To purge and rectifie each /smarts.

The

Poet.



The Myrtle.

Myrsine occupies the stage,
Freshly bleeding to our age.
Th' incensed Goddess in remorse
Here imposed Athens curse.

Athens: who names *Athens* here in *Thracet*
Licentious Faine that holds her still in chace.
And is there yet conceald some obscure deed
From Ages past, which makes her now to bleed.
Shall *Athens* (O shall shee) with infamie
Stand vpright in this last Chronologie?
And shall these daves of ours speake *Myrsines* death,
The long since *Myrsine*, that dispos'd a wreath
In those enacted Lustes and Tournament,
VVhat time the Arbitrate indifferent
Extending Garlands to th applauded head,
Distinguisht Conqueror and the conquer'd?
At Athens th're the faire *Myrsina* liu'd,
Athens the same that *Myrsines* life deprui'd.
An envious *Atheni* that proscribes her best;
Expels her bees that Drones may be possest.
Do greater lights obscure thy glymmering?
Or makes it way vnto thy Soueraigning.
Amongst the blind that know not to descrie
Thy infinite abuse of Monarchie?
Such is their gouernement, and so austere,
That they expose the man whom they but feare;
Feare him that but observes; and if he sees
That eve of his peruels his destinie.
And those faire hopes which Nature did in scoffe,

The Passionate

Adapting fortunes equal to his Birth.
And though thou layd'st a most repining hand
Vpon thy child, (act worthie to be scand
By after hours from intermitted ages,
Which shall declare to them these natvie strages)
Yet see thy Goddesse, whose Imagerie,
Thou more esteem st then others deitie,
Abhors this deed that cannot hate thy name,
Shee'l challenge thee, thy infamie disclame.
See how shee weeps vpon *Myrsinae* breast,
And swears that *Athens* thenceforth, dispossess
Of her belou'd, shoud to the selfe same fate
Commit all knowledge of the publike state.
What els from learning? By her selfe she swore,
That *Athens* shoud be *Athen*: and no more:
Arte should discerne of nougnt but what was right,
And Schollers mereley seene in schollership.
Besides she swore, that Arte when at the height,
Euen then her reputation to be light:
Then least of estimate least priz'd; and why?
It erres in too much popularitie.
Yet she continued in this imprecation,
And yet enioyn'd her to selfe affection,
To discontentment which shall carry her
Through stranger Nations and remoted far:
Her better wits to be the most vnstaide,
In giddie action venturous to wade
Beyond themselues, yea and her grauest hed
Strong in erotickē secks opinioned:
To many mo of Arts the proper vices
Diseases manifold, which thence arises,
As Melancholy, Rheume, a hollow eie,
A downward looking, and the maladie
Of head and head-ach, leane and pale aspect,
A backe inur'd to bend and to deflect,
A stomacke nice, and apt to be offended,

Diseases

Poet.

Diseases to th' extreamer parts extended,
With twice as many griefes, which Arte best knowes,
All these th incensed Goddesse did impose
At *Myrfines* death, and Learning since her wracke,
Mournes for the fayre *Myrfina* all in blacke,
To expiate the sinne whose memorie
Is lif d in Statua of a Myrtle tree.
For so the weeping Goddesse did allow
No more a *Myrfine* but a Myrtle now.
A tree, whose better kind is very rare:
A tree, that can abide no vncouth ayre:
A marrish, but no muddie tegument
About the roote to hinder her ascent,
A tree that's choakt with too much manurie,
Yet never thrives but by feueritie:
That at the bitter roote is somewhat flow,
But in maturitie it doth outgrow
All other Plants, and of these trees we find
Two diuers sorts, and of a differing kind:
Of which the greater is not held the best,
Nor that of earthly parts the most possest.
For earth restraines the spirits industrie,
Assimilating to her qualtie,
And but what's sensuall from the sense bereaues,
Nor is that best, which shewes the blackest leaues.
For is there any braine so foule with fud,
But knowes the fiend may vse a Friers hood?
Nor is that best, which first puts forth her flower,
Being all as apt to wither in an hower:
Or that, whose branching armes are euer greene,
Yet never fruite on armes or branches seene.
Some Myrtle shewes her fruite vnto the Sunne,
And shuts her flower but in such Horizon.
Yea, some performes it by the silent night,
And they are such, whose deeds do hate the light.
Some in continuall labor, some in rest,

But

The Passionate

But yet no any of thefe kinds is best:
And that in Myrtles holds the Primacie,
That knowes no dayly toyle nor Lethargies
That brookes the day by night, and night by day;
That's timely ripe, true colour'd, free from clay.
And such a Myrtle's manifold in vse,
If so th incensed powers can reduce,
Reueife, and nullifie th imposed cur'z;
If they be reconcil'd, it is of force
Within the bodies cure: In other termes,
Tis not of vertue to relieue her harmes.
In fields tis Myrtle, and in *Athens* yet
Schollers discerne of nought but Schollership.
Whereas enlarrg'd the Myrtle's physical,
And Learning manumist most meet instal'd
In publike office. Be not this offence.
I wish to Learning some experience.



The Rose.

White is here vermillioned,
Mutuall strife of white and red:
Here an arbitrating field,
Both the Ro'es reconcil'd.

How much inconstancie, what Innovation?
Hath wizzard Time seene since the worldes creation.
Many September Moones which haue recanted,
Transported Monarchies, and states supplanted.
VVhat change in others, and what perfonate,
How much varietie might Time dilate?
There was a time, fore Gods did disaccord,
Obscu'd none els but the first moouing Orbe,

Then

Poet.

Then errant stars, and then the firmament
No Motion knew, but what was violent
And from an outward cause: Yet was it thus,
Till Sonnes of heaven became licentious.
First was Monarchall rule, but Tyrannie,
VVhich now no longer had his sufferancie.
Then they enquir d into their optimates,
And held it for a too ambiguous state:
And then anon was ~~fre~~ re Democracie
Turnd Pop'lar licence and free Libertie:
Then subiects spheres turn'd head against their Mover,
Some err'd, some in their doubtfulnesse discouer
A voluntary course and free incesse,
To which they toyle in moouing tardinesse.
And semble laggie spiders most in this,
That slow, do yet aspire the Pyramis
Of some erected spoke within the wheele
That's downward drui'n, or Mariners in keele,
VVhere sayles are spread before some boysterous gales
They backward walke, with face on wind and saile,
And like rebellious Liberties inflist
To make the primate violence remisse:
It forceth them, they him againe recall,
And still the while, Time must obserue them all.
Looke downe on *Imarus*, and Time well knowes,
That in his memorie it had a Rose,
An only Rose, and that, as onely white,
Amongst the rest her fayrest *Imaris*.
It saw one age in white, so had it more,
Had not this Rose bin steep't in royll gore:
Vntill the greatest of Nobilitie
Did gaze on beauties worth with lustfull eyess
Till Lust o'recame, and Beautie rauished,
Then was the white turn'd to vermillion red.
Some say loues Queene pursuing her belou'd,
Despair'd, because vntimely death improu'd

E

And

The Passionate

And checkt her in the course of fairest hope,
She gave her swelling heart a pulsive scope:
And all enrag'd, all naked, all vnmaskt,
Vpon a rofeat bed her selfe she castt;
And the vermillion drops which issued,
Tinguisht the palefac't Rose in deepest red.
Others say it was Nectar from aboue,
Which when the wanton boy in dalliance stroue
To free him from his mothers armes yfolding,
Checkt with his wings the faire Mounteagle holding
An ample Cœnophron with Nectar crownd,
Which from his hand admou'd, bedewd the ground,
And sperst his moyst vpon a rofeat bed,
What time her white was all vermillioned.
Hower'e it was, lust caus'd them both to fall,
And Beauties wracke was the Prouinciall:
And now the Rose was red, and now the rather
Men lou'd it for the shape then for the savor.
For though it had the shape of seeming Rose,
It savor'd but of some Abrotanos.
The sent was of a practike deepe intention,
When swelling blood exceeding veines dimension,
By strong eruption sought to coole their heate,
And turne the sourse out of his current quite.
T'was deadly imposition to the braime
Of vertue to enrage, infect, inflame:
Besides it had such strong intent of taste
As families extinguish'd, and layd waste
The fruitfull I^marus. This Age of red,
Long kept the Rose, and long continued;
Vntill the earth fearing her owne estate,
Least such continuance might depopulate
Herselfe: least Time protracted might discouer
Her nakednesse to those which liue aboue her,
Coniur'd the faire assilting hand of Nature,
By laying forth, how but a subiect Creature,

Inspir'd

Poet.

Inspir'd by Arte, had brought vpon her head
Strong imputation, chang'd her white to red,
How red had stain'd her with discoloured gore:
And anything she spake, which might implore
Or call relief; and powerfully she spake.
For now the rose and red were separate.
And now the earth prepar'd a subiect matter,
Able to entertaine, not Arte, but Nature:
A speciall forme which might distinguish it,
From flowers of other kind,not of her selfe;
A rose in which there was no ministrie
For colour to detaine the busied eie.
But yet the while, Art out of sound inuention,
Contriv'd to abrogate her owne suspension,
Applying colour of the deepest graine,
That euer did this *Microcosme* sultaine.
Much matter of her owne she ministred,
With more supplie of blood disentralled,
Much more in vaine of wealthy veines made poore,
Which to this worke did empie all their store,
And all to little conquest or successe:
For now no tinguishment might here impresse,
And euery preuent might haue beene the same,
And had not white blusht at such homebred shame,
Now did she blush,that could not yet forbearre,
To looke vpon this native massacre,
This Summers heate gaue wings vnto the red.
Which warre vcleapt and earst discomfited,
That warre I count,that vnto this dissent,
Prescrib'd a rule and strong arbitrement:
I count it warre, the rather for his might,
That powerfully call'd backe the red to white.
Thus mutually the roses dimicte:
Now this aspir'd, or that held principe,
Till white at length assum'd a paler forme.
(O crooked age! where whites in white forlorne.)

E 2

And

The Pafionate

And borrowes terrible, aspect from death,
Who whilom her of loueraigntie bereft.
This pale-fac't Rose was fearefull to her selfe,
Vntimely borne a Rose, and borne by stealth.
To extirp the goodhest plants that beutifide
The Tharcian *l/marus* on fruitfull side.
Howlike a Boare enlarg'd and free of head,
Ranging through desert soile vnpreambled,
Where not the wandring Pilgrime hath accesoisse,
Apples his fangs with doubled meagernesse
On trees and mushrom shrubs, disheuering them,
Euen from the highest capreolls to the stem?
So did he tyrannize: yet leems it me,
To speake of satiu Rose in modesty:
Sufficeth that the Bor sincontinent,
Prowd of his prey, yea, and so insolent,
That now insulting pride seemd to implore,
Some venturous Knight t'encounter with the bore.
This cal'd the worlds assoyer from a farte,
Who now to *Erymanthus* did repaire,
By *Innoes* imposition, so to free,
Th' *Arcadian* hill, from death and tyrannie.
This was the worlds rich Rose, and fairest red,
That euer palled Monster sequestred.
And now the Bore espied his Hunteresse,
Who (fearing) left her promised successe
Might intercept his friends and call supplie
From other beastes of his conspiracie)
Upon a champion strand he her accosted,
With doubled strength, vnworthie to be boasted,
Vnworthie any glory, had it bin,
Had he stood Epilogue vnto this Scene,
That vnder retinue seemd to containe
The greatest ones that did possesse the plaine.
How much the greater was that Victory,
Where Red or ecame in his minority;

And

Poet.

And wrought more wonders in his pupill age,
Than euer was presented to this stages,
That reconcil'd the simple to her red,
Mixture that might not be distinguished;
And this was neither red nor white I weene,
But that of *Prouince* or the Damascene:
That Rose, whose zulape in the fourth degree,
Is much astringent for her qualties,
The Floramour of fields, that lifts the course
Of bloods incontinence and liberall sourses
That fans exulcerations feruencie,
Calls hot to temperate, cold and moist to drie:
Such is our Rose. O Gods may neuer shew
Exceed her Prouince or the fourth degree.

E 3

The



The Passionate



The Tamarix.

*Mutnall parts and Symphonie
Of the Vine and Tamarix trees.*

ISING of *Tamarix* that *Thracian* Plant,
A tree which all vnciuill Nations want:
For why? in peacefull soyle tis onely found,
And cannot prosper in dissentious ground.
It growes at *Thrace*, yet not abouandanthe,
For husbandmen do much mistake this tree:
Becaule there are so many sembling kinds,
Whose searie trunks no Myricke lap defigures.
There is one noble *Tamarix*, for her site,
No vpland *Thracian* but an *I marix*.
There thrives it best, and in her bester thriving,
Requires to ripenesse mickle times detriuing;
And when maturite presents it selfe
In flowers, which are her only Myricke wealth,
Some eniuious blast disleuers all her leaues,
And on his wings transfers them to the Seas.
Through many tedious seasons shee presents them,
And still the Wind or reaues or els preuents them.
Some say our *T. marix* doth infest the Rose,
As doth the Sea that by obseruance flowes
Ct ebs vnto the Moone, that that affects
No tree so much, as this of *Tamarix*,
Yea, and they be so mutually affin'd,
That either seemes on other to depends
Nor can the Rose vnto her selfe so wither,
As that our *Tamarix* perish not together,
Nor Myricke so improprieate in his fall,

But

Poet.

But Rose must needs be inward therewithall.
Well may the *Curlew* yeeld her selfe reliete,
But these implore as they impart their griefe.
The one vnable to erect his head,
If not suffulc't, sub orn'd. and furthered,
By his correllatiues such sympathie
Confirmes them both, when in their seigniorie.
And now it seemes to me yong Herborist,
That Rose and *Tamarix* should be at the highest,
As I conser this season with times past,
Not that my hopes expected haue their last.

The



The Passionate



The Oake.

*The Iolian tytle plac's amisse,
Her ragged rynd, her Cantuarie.*

Scarce is the breath dissolu'd to subtil ayre,
Wherewith I cald it *London*: O how far
Did I mistake, when not a living tree
More subiect to loues thunder than is he.
Shall I respire and call it back againe?
No, first preuaricate, and maist thou faine:
Say any thing, but doe not temporize,
Though all the world be bent to poetize.
As gyes the world, loue to the Oak affignd:
His name in finoother bark, not tagged rynd,
I say the bark is smooth and even set,
Where the seuerer naile can find no fret.
The world bot now allowde distinguishment,
And now attributes al to his aseent.
Is't but a ascent? and is it not accesse,
If it reserue but a respectiuenes?
Why loue allowes a competence to state,
But the accele he can not tollerate.
How continent is he, would he were many,
Supplies, but not exceeds of dutyes any?
The cause may be from forme, or height, or station,
If these dumbe shewes haue ought of inuocation.
For Thunders either free, and such is tending
Onely t'assoyle the ayre without offending:
Or cald from Heauen by some significance
Of Characters, such as the Romanes once

By

Poet.

By power of Kinglie office might produce,
Or by attractive vertue thats infuse
Into some heare or tree, which may invoke;
The like instinct is powerfull in the Oake;
Whose greatness doth invite like *Holsus* charmes,
That answere nothing but his proper harmes
By strong attraction: Or the Prophetelle
That promis d others what was his successe.
Yt now succeeds, This Plant extends as far
In earth, as it's incorporate to ayre.
Heer other some do challenge hir of pride,
That one ambitious tree should so bestride
This litle *Imar*: how far remote,
Is this ambition from the *Ionian* Oake,
That growes on sandy soyle, as heath, or plaines
What presidence can such ambition gaine,
That others can suborn, hir selfe subdue,
To whom the least of enuie doth accrue,
That onely hates the Persick plant: and why?
It doth pertake his birthrights feigniorie,
His greatest styes (vice thats familiar,
Being extraduc't from parents and from state.)
Greatnes will enuie greatnes to the end,
And *Ionian* with the *Ionian* will contend.
Hir leaues haue deepe incision, and the barkt,
When aged once,tis craz'd and roughlie crackt.
It shewes hir frute when Sunne exceeds the twinnes,
And sleepes till the solstitian heat begins:
When it puts forth hir gall, or akernell,
Which yet sustein d these earthlie bodies well,
In vse of bread being ignorant of graine,
From whence some say the Oake allum'd hir name:
And not because the Gentile Gods replied,
From the concealing Oake so deified,
When wizzard Seers enquir'd: nor is't approu'd,
For louers sought the names of their belou'd

F

Year'd

The Passionate

Year'd in Oake it had her name from hence,
Being more of accent in the former sense.
The vulgar sort that never speculate
Beyond obseruance, do prognosticate
By the innated brood of Oaken gall,
Of after accidents which shall befall
Vnto the land: If Flie, or Ant, or Spider;
Or war, or famine shall, or plague betyde her.
I looke nor on the fruit that hangs aloft,
Nor every thing within the sensē brought.
Much lesse of diuination; onely this,
Within the Oake I view a *Cambaris*,
A feeding flie: And this I dare diuine,
That flie shall make her wither ere her time.

The Bay.



Poet.



The Bay.

*Lawrels sinewes withered. **
Sleeping Fame with worthies dead.

Was this that *Imarus*, or this that tree,
To whom the *Lyrick* tuned his minstrelsie?
Was this the price of vertue and the breath,
Which it suspir'd amidst a sea of death,
The Poets grace, *Apoloës* sometimes mynion?
To see the error of this foole opinion!
And shall the vilest spirit chooſe his seat,
Where to repole for moyſtire and for heat,
The whil'st our generall soule shall animate
A saples trunk, and be incorporate
To abstract earth? Such is erottick Loue,
Whose dotage ſtill opinion muſt approue.
Thou Soule, which animat'st empiracie,
And makes hir out ſide ſeeme ſincerities;
That with thy ignorantie and ſtrong conceipt
Maintainſt his life, and daileſt beget
More baſtard Lawreates than the world implores,
Might all the world coniſt of theatores:
Out on thee foole, blind of thy impotence,
Thou doſt admire but in a popular ſenſe;
Eſteeming more a Paſquils haſhier lines,
Then *llads* worth which Chapmans hand refines.
What might perſwade opinion, but for thee,
The *Lyrick* ſung to ſuch an out ſide tree;
Or Poets glory in their Lawracie,
When Lawrels haue their veines ſhrunk vp and drie?
And yet herbaſt the ſeaſons are inverted,
Ours diſfers from the Lawrels ſuſt inserted.

The Passionate

The amorous God admiring Daphnes worth,
Out of her statua drayn'd the spirit forth.
This season yeelds more Bayes then did the first,
But all things neer the end grow near the worst:
Witnes the withered Bay that wants his iuice;
Be more of witnes they that are obtuse
To penetrate, and call from monument
The sleeping worth of such whose soules were spent,
In honorable termes to terminate
And yeeld their memory with life to fate;
Y dñe rob'd, and bodyes yet vnpurged:
O how accommodate might this be vrg d!
Once was there such a Sianey. It sufficeth,
That from the graue his onely name reuiueth.
So had this age a Burrowes. O but he
Sleepes with his fame in lasting lethargie.
Norris, and Morgan sleepe, and still the while,
Our better Lawreats studie to compile
Something perspective, and obserue the time:
Heroes yet neglected in their shrine,
And since it was denid me to affiyle
The times; I therefore studied to report
Of what was past, vnable ought to wage
With the inuention of this nymble age.
May others make the eares euapourie,
When they vnmask the times and worlds estate:
I will admire, yet never will infect,
I am not prone but onely to reflect.
Ile write vnto the dead amongst the living,
Take from peculiar theam without corning,
Enable me Gods as I pretend,
Whan ye acquite and gue this passion end.

The

Poet.



The Cypress.

*Scene resound the policie,
Of th Italian Cypress tree.*

Twas no *Thritian* tree before our time,
But foraigne *Cypris* and a transmatine,
Transfer'd from *Italy* to *I'marus*,
Or fro n those parts of *France* which are adust
With heat and bee t I am no *Florentine*,
I le speake the policie that's *upreigne*.
This stranger tree, it is a Plant for kind,
That from an others roote doth euer climbe
Ingrafted, and it growes as secretly,
Yea, makes no outward shew of surquedries:
Discern'd from other trees and speciell d,
For speciall subtyle that's vndescridd:
Of body naked, while t is yet vpright,
But when she shall aspire her greatest heigh,
She apprechends the opportunest wether,
And then puts forth her branch and fruit together:
To hide that indirectnes she applies,
Whil st in concealing teguments it lies.
How like an *Adster* wreathing many wayes,
Compells her length when she expects her prayes,
Administring the more encouragement,
To traine him in the circuite of extent
So manifolded is the *Cypress* tree
Vnder those branches: such her obloquie,
That wealth compos'd fils vp the continent,
Which none but the discernes or deprelead.

The Passionate

Tis sweete in sente, O who can feed vpon
Perfumed words, but some Cameleon?
It is no restauration, nor receiu'd
Into the body when it is agrieu'd:
Tis brieflie to her selfe molt prouident,
But vnto others alwayes fraudulent;
Professing what it is demid to be,
And still concealing her abilitie.
The heathen Gentiles only vs'd the same,
When they consum'd their dead in *Cyprus* flame,
Or made them Idols out of *Cyprus* tree,
As best beseeming such Imagerie.
Time was they vs'd it, and t'was onely Gentile,
And then Religion was but in the simple,
And knew not how for disputation sake,
To impugne the Godhead or religious state:
But now religious and the most prophane
Partake one Idol and one *Cyprus* flame.
Such are these latter times, that would improne
More constancie then all the Spheres they moue.
I blame the times, and wreake that ill on them,
That appertaines vnto the sonnes of men,
Time-studious men: O had I libertie
To reprehend them, as I challenge thee.

The



Poet.



The Ewe.

*Taxus fatal and relievning
Cypres tree by her exceeding.*

And why should Rome call *Nero* from his grave,
And terme him good, whom earst they did deprave?
Or why should I but now impute that tree,
Which now I must commend respectuallie?
Nero was hatefull, *Nero*, and despis'd,
Till the succeeding *Galba* tyrraniz'd:
Cypris engag'd, till *Taxus* tree reliu'd it:
And drownd his blacke in *Eben* that exceeds it.
Cypris is onely practicke in the senses,
Makes sowre leeme sweet, and varnisheth offences
When eyes see double subiects, and not see
The double dealings of the *Cypris* tree.
But *Ewe* is fatall in the very notion,
The same *Cicuta* of Th'atherian potion,
Extending to the life by taste or sauour,
To them that sleepe in shade or els receive her
Into the body y yet referuing force,
When spirits are from heart and heat diuorc't.
The *Cypris* is as index to the page,
Where *Ewe* capitulates his fatall rage.
Both know one *Imarus*, one *Itales*:
Both vs'd in flame and in Imagerie:
Onely the *Ewe* for greatness and intension,
Exceeds the *Cypris* and my reprehension.

The

The Passeionate

The Pine.

THEgyptians did bedew their mountaine Pine,
Not with the moyst of Nilus; but of wine.
How can that Pine but prosper then and flourish,
Whose tender roote the purest wine doth nourish?
Shall it not thriue manur'd with gracious hands?
Shall it not make a *Rich-mound* where it stands?

The Fig-tree and the Palme.

THEir fruit is sensuall, pleasing for the time,
But sofines doth the sensē end soule decline.
The present pleasure hath an after vice;
The Date her leprie, and the Figge breeds lyce.

The Poplar.

HEven can hit, what Conquest is in that,
When Hercules himselfe's often in a te?

The

Poet.



The Lotus.

I Passe Celaſter, for it is ſelſe-wiſt,
That never thrives but in the faireſt field:
The more I wryte vnto the Mulberrie,
The leſſe opinion's mine, if any be.
Ile blame no Aſſe for Hypermneſtraes fate,
I know the foolish girtle was deſperate.
Let Cedar be ambitious in her heightes,
Yet be not thou in paſſion infinite,
And reprehend each, that is offered, vice,
Lest others thinkē thy verſes morallize:
Or rather for I feare a Symphonie
Of Iſmarites warring varietie,
And change of argument delights vs best,
Where Scenes affin'd induce but tediousnes.
And what in trees praiſe-worthie is deriu'd,
From beautie of the outward part's contriu'd
Or ſome inherent Virtue, ſo againe
In the vnworthie Plants we alwayes draine
Inuetue, either from th' ingratefull ſente,
From ſhape, or from the qualities intent,
Or other ſuch like vices: now the while
Good do the bad, and both themſelues beguile.
Some one that's generall good hauing his due,
Preuentis the praiſe belongs to them enſue:
So i'th in bad, and ſo it ſhall suffice,
Only to ſpeake of one in contraries.
Virtue illuſtrates vice, deſcribes, defines it,
What's not of her, ſhe vnto vice affigues it.
Hence i'th, this ſpatiouſ ſubiect I ſustaind,
Is now at length abridg'd and much restraint

G

OF

The Passionate

Of scope, which here I studied to compresse,
And it compell, fearing to be distrest
Of sentence, and of words equiuocate.
Vnles I streine the sense, or iterate;
When words and sentence, and the selfe same sense,
Are oft required in the subsequents.
Of many trees I haue reserved one,
Some call it Lotus, others Citragon;
Hir fruit is envious to the memorie,
Conducing all things vnto fantasie.
Believe it, sometimes hath my selfe conuerst
With such as wot not what they were at first,
Lorophag, who rawished by tast,
Forget them selues, friends, countrie, and what's past.
This fruit receiued shall make me quite forget,
I was in passion, or an *Imant*.
And now me thinkes she practiseth hir force
Vpon these senses: now she doth discourse,
Now seperates what sorrow did attone,
Making it but some *Hemeridion*.
My day is done, now is my passion ended,
And but hir reliques on myne eyes suspended.

Baccharis



Baccharis Coronaria.

The toyled lins and sensē earst opprest,
Do now aduite see ely where to rest.
Vnder Baccharis go shadē thee,
Where no Serpent shall inuade thee,
Where the Viper cannot hue,
Nothing eniuious may corriue.
Strowe the Carpet all about,
With her flowers to keepe them out:
Bind thy Temples with the wreathes,
Pleated in Chrysante leaues:
Browēs and eye-lids tame of rest,
With the iuice may they be sprest.
Here repose, for here assure thee,
Thou shal sleepe, and sleepe securelie.
Stand hope of mine confirm d, and let me rest
In Castell guarded with a Lionelle.

*Cum tenat ocyus flex
Suspiture discutunt sacro quam tuq; domus q;*

FINIS.